

# THE PIG PAPER #27

©1986 PIG PRODUCTIONS, 70 Cotton Drive, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L5G 1Z9



**THE LORD  
SPEAKS**  
by James Lord

## THE BOBBY FULLER FOUR: THE SMART SET

Bobby Fuller and his three sidekicks help old ladies across the street and never kick dogs, but a number of their old school buddies down Texas-way are having trouble keeping one step ahead of the law.

Bobby, Randy, Jim and Dalton were brought up in peaceful middle-class El Paso, Texas, two minutes away from the ful middle-class El Paso, Texas, and be really bad—it's whoop-it-up, no-holds-barred Mexican border town of Juarez. "You can grow up in El Paso and be really bad—it's Juarez that makes it that way," says Bobby's year-younger brother, Randy. "Whatever personality you have, you have it 100%. You can go to Juarez and get drunk, or stay in El Paso and get religion."

**16**  
MAGAZINE

Bobby Fuller was like a ray of sunshine—he brought joy and warmth to all he came in touch with. On July 18th his beautiful light was tragically snuffed out. His body was found on the front seat of his car in front of his Hollywood home. He was dead. There is no rhyme nor reason to such a disaster. It is over. All we know is that the world will never be quite as bright as it was before. We miss you, Bobby.



One question that is still on many people's minds today is How did Sid and Nancy Vicious die, and Why? The answer is a simple WHO CARES? I mean, an even better question (that isn't on hardly anyone's mind) is How and Why did Bobby Fuller die? Sure a lot of you will pretend that you're unaware of the facts, or that you simply forgot, but the guy died twenty years ago and we still don't know the truth today.

To refresh your memories, here's the poop: Robert Gaston Fuller was found dead in his car parked near his apartment on July 18, 1966. The official cause of death was listed as asphyxiation due to inhalation of gasoline. But (even though this was never mentioned in the coroner's report) observers noted that he was badly beaten up and it was speculated that gasoline was poured down his throat. While it was rumoured that it was a mob killing, or that the police were involved, the case was officially marked closed as a suicide.

Bobby Fuller's car was never impounded or dusted for fingerprints. Private investigators hired to examine Bobby's mysterious death were either shot at or scared off the case. Some disappeared altogether. Suicide was very unlikely as Bobby was about to buy a new car and move to a bigger apartment around the time he was found dead. Someone planning to commit suicide just doesn't make these kinda plans. And now, two decades later, it is unlikely we will ever know the truth.

The solitary ray of happiness in this sordid tale is that Bobby's recordings continue to be re-released and (re-)discovered by discriminating pop fans the world over; recordings which prove Bobby Fuller's genius extends far beyond his classic hit "I Fought The Law". In case you're in doubt, check out THE BEST OF THE BOBBY FULLER FOUR on (who else?!) Rhino Records, or Vox Records' exemplary BOBBY FULLER TAPES, VOLUMES ONE and TWO. All three discs, intelligently compiled and lovingly packaged, contain the kind of killer material that keeps the Fuller legend alive and thriving.

## Join the Official BOBBY FULLER 4 FAN CLUB

Bobby Fuller Lives!

Join us in telling the world. Join the Bobby Fuller Fan Club.

As a member, you receive:

- \*Membership card, signed by Rick Stone
- \*Bumper sticker
- \*Button (wear it proudly!)
- \*Discounts on many products to be available only to club members
- \*Newsletters

For a one-time membership fee of \$5.00, you become a lifetime member. You'll receive newsletters with updates on new releases from the Bobby Fuller archives, and other activities relating to the Bobby Fuller Four. There'll be news of foreign releases of Bobby's music, and such hard-to-find records will be available at a discount to members.

We also plan to issue various 45s, EPs, and LPs as limited fan club editions.

What's more, we'll be offering a whole line of tastefully embroidered products including T-shirts, baseball caps, jerseys, and satin tour jackets. These too will be discounted to members. Prices and additional information will be provided with your membership kit.

To join, simply return the coupon with your name, address, and \$5.00 cash, check or money order.

Rick Stone  
720 Quinta Luz Circle  
El Paso, TX 79922



## GIL MOORE of Triumph Talks About Drumsticks

I always had a problem with sticks snapping and hitting me in the face. One time at a show in London, Ontario, one hit me in the eye. I thought I was blind. I couldn't see for two days. Another time a stick nearly tore off my ear—blood was coming out all over the place.



**PIG PEN**  
Musician temporarily sidelined with injury seeks attractive ladies to nurse me back to health NOW

## A. BLUES

LAB Hog Report no. 3 ©1986 Eddie Flowers  
P.O. Box 1373, Culver City, CA 90232, USA

Swingin' Update: For reasons that should be obvious to all who are already hep to the brain buzz—and it's hardly worth mentioning to the rest of the known world, as it is at this point pretty fucking irrelevant—L.A.'s heavy rockin' fuzztone giants Big Dad & 10 Lbs. of Swingin' Meat have reassessed their corporate identity and will henceforth be known as CRAWLSPACE. Also some personnel changes, but all the details aren't in yet, except that Jon Swift (formerly of Jonathan Swift & the Gullivers, the great mid-60s Nebraska garage band) is now supplying a major portion of the guitar leads. Also, much to everyone's surprise, the Big Crawl'n' Dad himself has learned two guitar chords and vows to master at least two more before the year is out. More news as it comes in. As for now, get down on yo' face an' crawl, chillen!

In related news, there's talk of an impending compilation disc being put together by San Fernando Valley studio whiz Mark Mylar, which will feature some of L.A.'s most happening new R&R combos. Among those tentatively scheduled are Crawlspac, the Lexington Devils (like, late 60s style Limey rock right before HM hit—Jeff Beck Group, Yardbirds/very early Led Zep. Small Faces/mid-period Humble Pie, Who, Donovan's rock stuff), Moist & Meaty (funny rockin' stuff with two drummers and an approach that reminds me of the late great Psycotic Pineapple or maybe the Fiends, only without the metal connections), a new super group with Brick from Renfield Brick and Sarge from Psychotic Reaction, maybe the hotshit Lazy Cowgirls, possibly a couple others. Keep your ears peeled!

L.A. Blues Hit Parade 3-31-86

1. David Allen Coe — If That Ain't Country
2. Merle Haggard — I'm a White Boy
3. Frank Dycus — The Visit
4. Jeanne Pruett — Satin Sheets
5. Loretta Lynn — The Pill
6. Ed Sanders — The Iliad
7. Roy Acuff — That's the Man I'm Looking For
8. Dwight Yoakam — Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc. LP
9. The Scientists — Adelaide '83 (live cassette)
10. The Lime Spiders — Beyond the Fringe
11. Radio Birdman — Smith & Wesson Blues
12. Exploding White Mice — Bad Little Woman
13. The Angry Samoans — Crimson Sky ("Tommy James feeling strange/Sitting in his room one night/Took a walk and started to fly/Now he's a part of the crimson sky")

Get your eyeballs glued to this, dudes: *Tapping the Source* by Kern Nunn. This '84 novel chews up Chandleresque hard-boiled dialogue and weird plot twists, then spews forth onto the modern-day beaches of L.A.'s South Bay. Surfers, bikers, punks, drug pushers, Mexican gangs, runaway teen scum, decadent rich scum—it's all here in a real honest-to-god novel with a real plot. Action-packed shit and available in paperback, so get it!

If you are so inclined to note such things, and if it means shit to you anyhow, dig that I have a new P.O. box and write if you wanna see more of my own L.A. Blues sheet. Like, later. And don't forget to crawl, y'all.

## Whatever-I-Feel-Like Cornix

I KEEP HEARING HER CALLING MY NAME... BUT WHEN I TURN AROUND TO SEE HER SHE HAS VANISHED AGAIN.



I KNOW ITS JUST MY IMAGINATION... JUST MY IMAGINATION... SHE DOESN'T WANT ME BACK...



by Ace Backwards-©12-1984

YET I CAN'T STOP HEARING HER CALLING MY NAME... LIKE SHE USED TO... WHEN SHE WAS MINE...





# Roy Harper's OUTER SHELL

WORKING FOR THE PIMP  
(A club owner's encounter with ASCAP)  
by Dave Mamber Jr.

The other day, a man came to see me - a special kind of guy - an ASCAP kind of guy. He strolls in and says, "Dave, I see your lounge plays music, and, you owe the organization and the artists some money."

"Money?", I questioned.

"Sure", he said. "Everytime your DJ plays a piece of copyrighted material, you pay a price." He pulls out one of my albums, and sure enough, there are 5 tiny letters saying 'ASCAP' in the border of the titles on the record.

This seems to be the classic case of the big print given and the small print taken away. "One moment here", I said, "and please correct me if I'm wrong, but - I buy a piece of property, build a building, furnish it comfortably, buy a liquor license, purchase a quality stereo system, and engage the services of a professional disc jockey to spin the records that I purchased - ... I'm still not done spending money?"

"That's right, Dave", coming back with a Brooklyn accent that was trying to be covered up, from a man that looks like he could have been a numbers runner as a kid to put himself through life.

"Ok," I said, "but it so happens that we don't play a straight format of Top 40 music. We play a lot of Independent artists that aren't members of your organization." I pull out an album and showed him that the ASCAP brand is non-existent.

"It doesn't make any difference, Dave. If you play even one ASCAP song a night, you are liable for the full rate, which of course, is based on the number of chairs in your lounge."

"The number of chairs in my lounge", I wondered out loud. "That seems a little much, ASCAP guy, because I have never filled every chair with a customer's bottom. So, I'm still charged the full rate?"

"Right again, Dave," was the reply. "By the way, Dave-I see you have a dance floor also."

"No problem there", and I produced my dance license.

"ASCAP does not recognize that license, and that will increase your rate."

And so it went through the ASCAP interrogation. I found out your base rate goes up if you show videos, have live music, the number of nights music is played, if you have a satellite dish, just to mention a few, and - they are backed by the legal system that can impose "big time" fines against you.

So what's a fellow to do? You have to pay to play. And, in retrospect, the last time I felt my hide being nailed to the wall with no help in sight, was during divorce proceedings with the ex-wife, but - that's another story.

ASPEN, Colo. — Actor Jack Nicholson has been awarded \$769.20 U.S. in connection with a neighborhood dogfight in which his pet dog was fatally mauled.

Judge Tom Scott ordered local dentist Bruce Carlson to pay Nicholson for veterinarian's bills, and to build a fence for his German shepherd. The judge also ordered Carlson to send the dog to obedience school.

## Actor sues Circus of the Stars

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Actor Charles Nelson Reilly has sued two entertainment firms, alleging he suffered a fractured hip when he slipped on animal droppings while performing in a circus.

In the lawsuit filed against Caesars Palace and Circus of the Stars, Reilly said the accident caused him pain, embarrassment, shock and fright, and he was forced to take time off from acting to recuperate.

## pigs for science

PIG PRODUCTIONS PATENTED POP PARADE

#2604

1. "LOVE IS TOGETHER".....by (RICK HARPER AND THE) BREATHERS off their truly fab "4 More By 4" (613 SE 19th #1, Fort Lauderdale, FL. 33316)
2. "I CANNOT FIND HER".....by THE CHESTERFIELD KINGS from the mirroracular "December's Christmas" (645 Titus, Rochester, NY. 14617)
3. "PANDEMONIUM", starring A. GOLDSTEIN, W.S. BURROUGHS, J. WATERS, C. BUKOWSKI, C. MANSON c/o Jack Stevenson Legal Defense Fund (171 Auburn #11, Cambridge, MASS. 02139)
4. "AS BEERS ROLL BY".....by TROUBLE BOYS mystery track off their debut "Pass The Bottle, Baby", available Today from 119 E. 45, Hamilton(!), Ontario L8T 3K2 (be sure to ask for one with a poster)
5. "TELEGRAPH MELTS".....by JANDEK 12th 12-incher in the on-going saga from P.O. Box 15375, Houston, Texas 77020
6. "IN MEDIA'S FECES".....by TULI KUPFERBERG more Fug flippery from Strolling Dog and/or Vanity Press (160 6th, NY. 10013)
7. "FEEL IT".....by THE TEN COMMANDMENTS off the rare very Sensible cassette "Pagan Fest A-Go-Go", in glorious full-dimensional MONO from 3 Brewton Road, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1G 1W2)
8. "ROCK STARS ARE ASSHOLES".....by MY DOG POPPER from the "It Came From The Pit" complication c/o Psyche Records (P.O. Box 94 Stn. Place d'armes, Montreal, Quebec H2Y 3E9)... and It Comes From Canada too!
9. "SHIVERS".....by THE (FABULOUS) WAILERS as recorded "Live At The Castle" and fortunately re-issued by the fine folk at Etiquette Records, c/o 2442 N.W. Market Street, Suite 273, Seattle, WA. 98107
10. "S.O.S.".....by STARK RAVING MAD from their 2nd 45-RPM LP "Amerika" (P.O. Box 46437, Houston, Texas 77234-6437)



LIZ'S  
TRACHICOTOMY  
PRESS



Mendelson Joe: "Apocalypse is very near... Watch TV and drink that beer."

THE BIGGEST news to hit the burg lately (the biggest piece of trivial news that is) revolves around town recently to see her son, Michael Wilding Jr., in the play requested a private ladies' room and, because she is who she is, plebs had to trek across a courtyard to another building to relieve themselves. When all was

## NY CLIPS

said and done, so to speak, the theatre employees noticed something missing — a toilet seat — and it was clear that one of E. T.'s entourage, but surely not E. T. herself, had taken off with this odd souvenir.

According to one of Liz's friends, E. T. could not have been the thief: "She never sat on that toilet seat. She always carries her own seat for occasions like."

## Jackson loses giraffe

LOS ANGELES (Reuters) — California game officials confiscated a giraffe from pop singer Michael Jackson after declaring the animal was imported illegally and did not have a big enough pen, a U.S. Fish and Game Department spokesman says.



THE CONTINUING SAGA OF DR. ICKNATA  
THE SEARCH CONTINUES.

Events are taking place here in Black Canyon City, Arizona that boggle the mind of yer average rocker. A guy walked up to me on the street, a total stranger, stopped me and said "Brother, do you know that it's nearly impossible to find an original recording of "Bristol Stomp" by The Dovells?" He raised his eyebrows and nodded in affirmation of his sad truth. I said nothing, and he walked on to his next challenge... An eighty-eight-year-old guy showed my pal Ron how to play "Purple Haze"... While pounding an old piano in a local bar a rat came out of it and ran across my hands. The drunks asked me quite sincerely, "Can you do that again?"... My dog Loki bit an old lady on the leg and punctured it in four places, tearing open a varicose vein; and now a friend wants me to learn how to play "Jam Up And Jelly Tight" by Tommy Roe. The world is a confusing place these days...

## Now he's in stew

PEKING (UPI) — Police have arrested a man who allegedly killed three teenagers and ate them. Residents of a downtown district said the accused man, 42, his wife and two children were taken away by police after the man's brother-in-law reported the family had been eating human flesh.

## Girls' tour of graveyards fruitless, officer testifies



## 'Psycho' buried next to mother

PLAINFIELD, Wis. (UPI) — Ed Gein, whose bizarre life was the inspiration for Alfred Hitchcock's classic horror movie Psycho, has been buried next to the mother he could not bear to part from in life.

Gein, known as the "Butcher of Plainfield," was buried in an unmarked grave in Spiritland Cemetery Saturday, between his mother, Augusta, who died in 1945, and his brother, Henry, state officials said.

Psychiatrists said Gein's behavior was caused by an abnormal love for his mother.

He was charged with killing two women who looked like his mother and with "rave robbing."

## Pig-Casso art exhibition celebrates misunderstood swine

DES MOINES, Iowa (AP) — Nearly 50 artists from more than a dozen states this week will show artwork — from sculpture to pottery — dedicated to the pig, which most people think of as a rather lazy, dirty animal.

Not so, says Nancy Everman, a pig farmer who has helped co-ordinate the "Pig-Casso" Art Show.

"We believe that hogs are beautiful," Everman said.

## THE BLOTTER

another little magazine

Join Fido Dogstoeviski, ghost, Farley Black, and all the rest of our regular and irregular contributors every second month. Sample copy, \$1.50 or subscription \$9.00 per year. Humour, reviews, fiction, poetry, comment, original art. Everything you always wanted to see in Reader's Digest, but they wouldn't print. 'Rules were made to be broken,' says Fido. That means if you don't have \$1.50, we'll send you a copy if you send us a Cdn. stamp, preferably unused... to:

## THE BLOTTER

233 Woodbine Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4L 3P3  
(Please make cheques out to C.F. Kennedy)